THE ART ANNUAL. 1900.
WAR ARTISTS IN SOUTH AFRICA

BY A. C. R. CARTER

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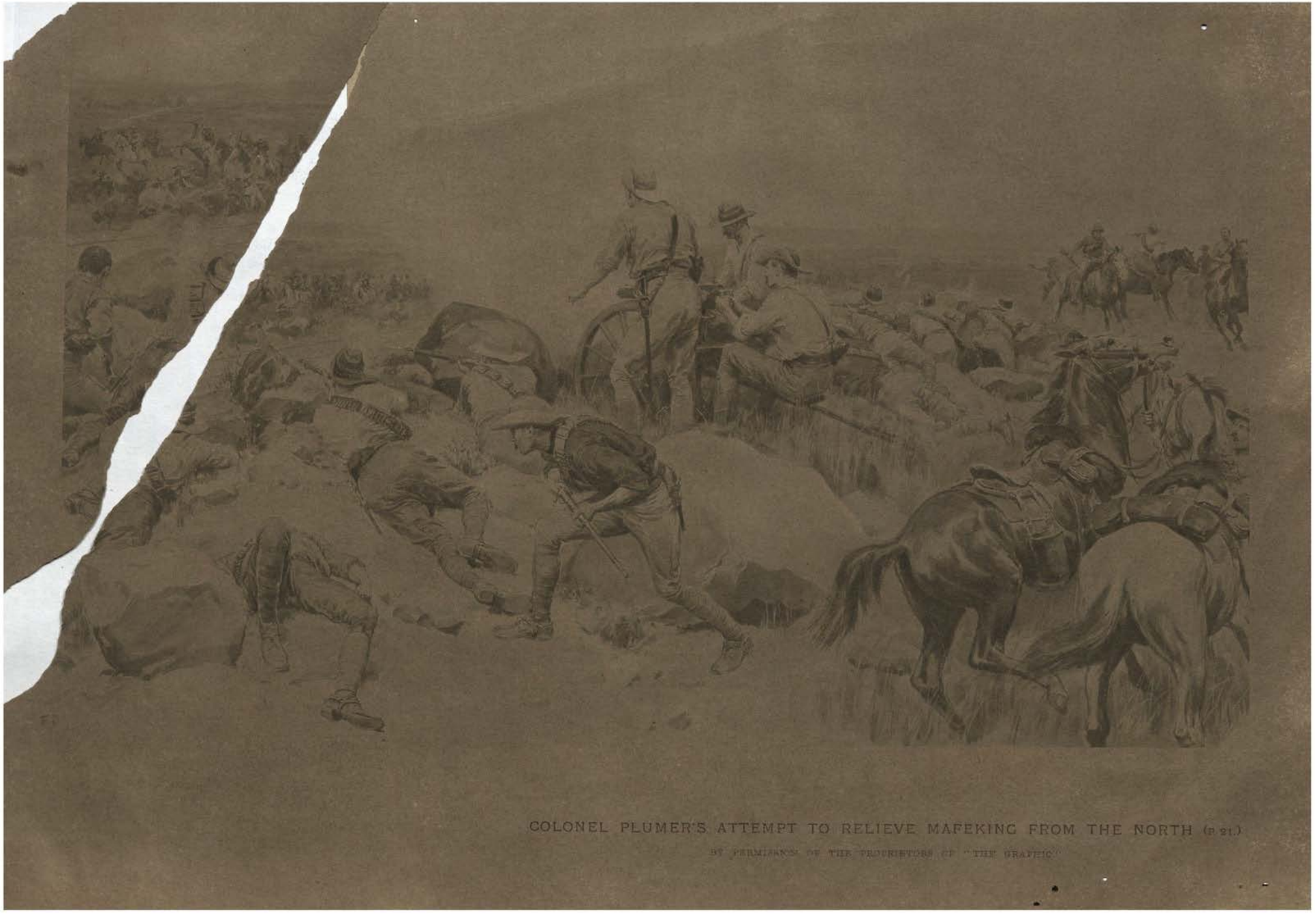

COLONEL PLUMER'S ATTEMPT TO RELIEVE MAFEKING FROM THE NORTH (p. 21.)

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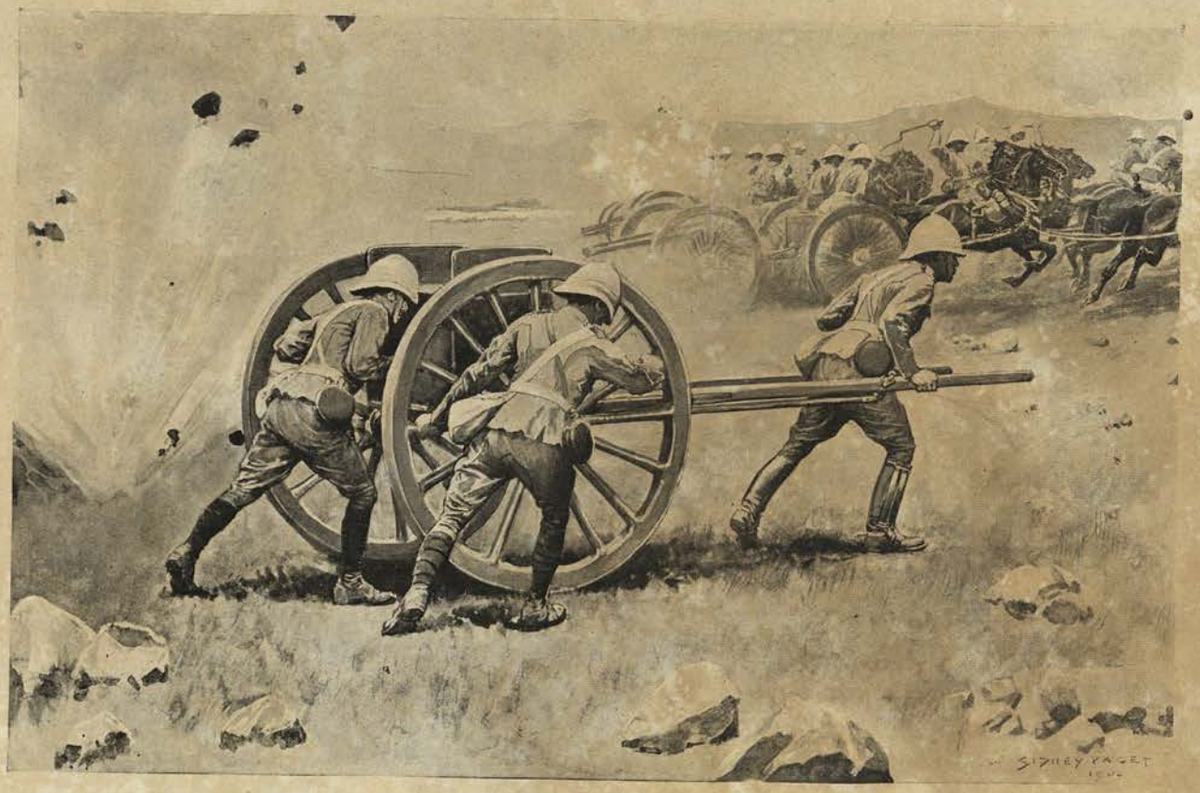

By permission of "The Sphere."

At the Relief of Ladysmith.—Men of 78th Battery saving their limber (p. 17).
Drawn by Sidney Paget, from a sketch by Ernest Prater.

THE WORK OF
WAR ARTISTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

ABOVE all other influences and forces War is recognized as the greatest dispeller of illusions. It will not, however, form any part of the function of the writer of this article to discuss those grave political questions, which the South African campaign has illuminated with the fierce naked light of war. It is necessary only to state that the mighty enthusiasm that quivered from end to end of the British Empire on the outbreak of hostilities, once for all disillusioned us of the idea that we are not a military nation. Another illusion, which, if not entirely dispelled, has yet been considerably shaken, is that we cannot produce a school of battle painters. The immediate future will doubtless decide whether this is wholly true or not. In the meantime, it is unquestionable that, so far as the black-and-white artist is concerned, an extraordinary demand has been made upon his powers to keep pace with the public's well-known interest in examining sketches and drawings which conjure up the scenes of heroism and sacrifice, and all that makes up the grim and deadly circumstance of war.

Here is a phase of art in which the issue and intention are perfectly direct. No question of "art for art's sake" is involved. The man who professes to hate a story on canvas, demands his full pound of literary fact and detail from the artist in black-and-white who essays to depict a

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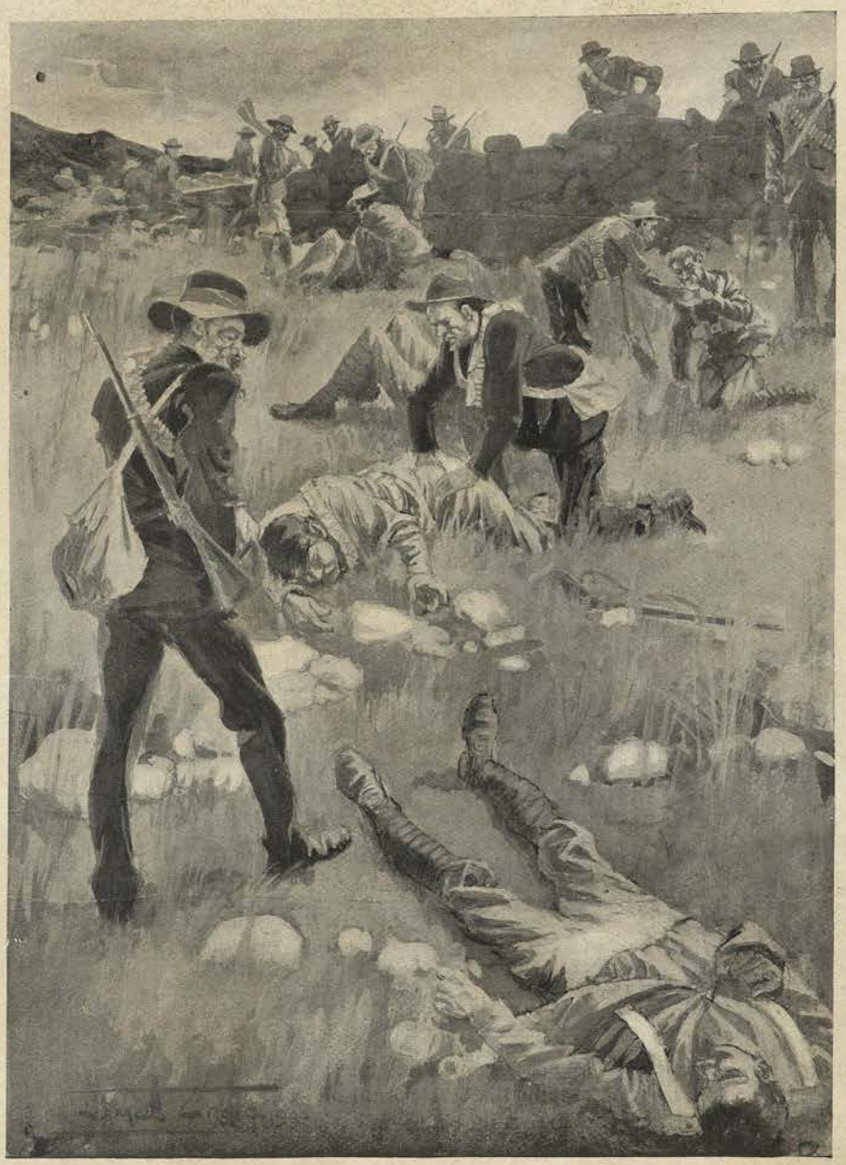
A Candidate for the V.C. (p. 6).
Sketch by W. T. Maud.



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Boers looting dead Britishers (p. 17).
Drawn by James Greig, R.B.A., from a sketch by Ernest Prater.

scene with which the public has been made familiar by official despatches and war correspondents' letters.

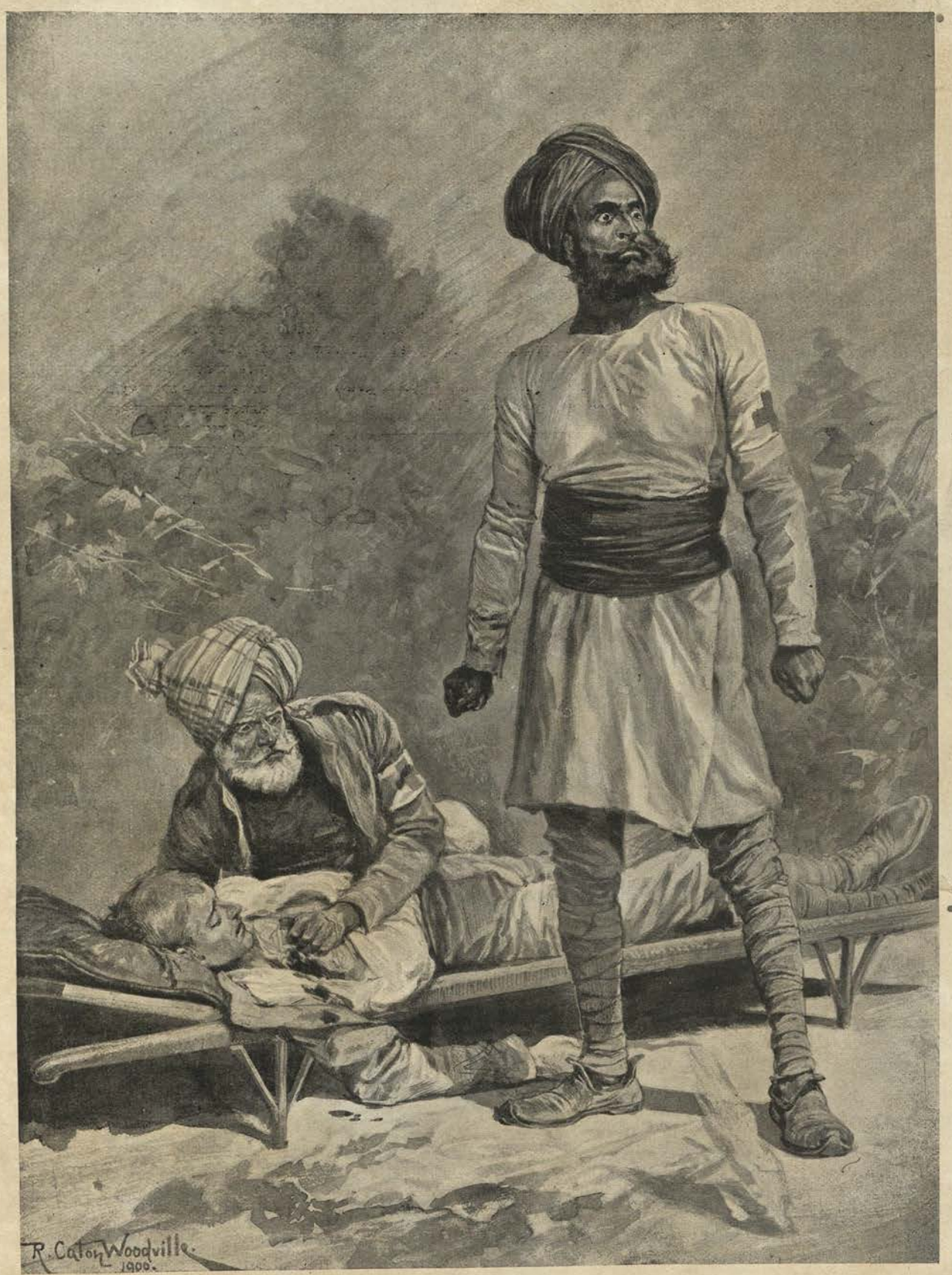
The callings of war correspondent and war artist, as at present understood, were created in the Crimean War by Sir W. Russell and the late W. Simpson, R.I. Since that time the great daily and illustrated papers have shown the most lavish enterprise in times of war, and the South African troubles found the chiefs of the press again prepared to satisfy the national demand for the unofficial story of the campaign by gifted writers, and its vivid illustration by observant artists.

In this way the veterans, Mr. Melton Prior and Mr. Fred Villiers, were despatched to the seat of war by *The Illustrated London News; The Graphic* sent Mr. C. E. Fripp, R.W.S., and Mr. W. T. Maud; *The Sphere* engaged Mr. W. B. Wollen, R.I., and a talented young artist, Mr. Ernest Prater; *Black and White* later secured the services of Mr. Mortimer Menpes, whose mission was chiefly to portray the leaders in the military drama as they appeared in the rough stress of active service. Other able artists were also engaged, and now and again some officer or volunteer sent home a sketch of such merit that one would fain hope that the campaign has bred a British or Colonial Meissonier or Détaille.

The Hero of Mafeking's capacity for making a workmanlike sketch was well established before his military fame came upon him, and the ensuing pages contain some characteristic examples of his powers. The work, however, of artists on the spot, may be described generally as of the nature of a correspondent's telegram. The latter is amplified later by the correspondent himself into a finished account. In the artist's case, as a rule, his bald sketch, crowded with suggestive mnemonics and detailed statements, is rarely completed by himself. It is despatched in a jealous hurry to his paper, and is allotted to one of the band of clever black-and-white artists, who endeavours faithfully to reproduce the subject as it was seen by the original artist, amplified by the addition of details as carefully drawn as they were carefully described.

On the other hand, we find that an artist of the calibre and experience of Mr. Caton Woodville is able to evolve a picture, if necessary, without the first aid of a sketch by a war "special." Mr. Woodville's previous service as a war artist for *The Illustrated London News* in the Servian War of 1878, and the first Egyptian Campaign of 1882, has endowed him with the requisite knowledge of "the image of war." As regards the hundreds of details that constitute military accessories, he has made the most patient study of these. It can, therefore, well be imagined that to such a man the recountal of some stirring exploit is quite sufficient for him to picture the scene in his mind's eye, and to proceed to sketch it with surprising verisimilitude.

As Meissonier used to say, the man who has seen war is the man to paint war. The great French artist had had this actual experience, and his extraordinary powers of laborious study enabled him to throw himself back into Napoleonic times and people his canvases with warriors convincingly true to fact and history. No detail was too small for consideration. He ransacked every possible hiding-place of information. Until the day of his death he was learning some new light to make his work as accurate as humanly possible. His imagination, indeed, became so perfectly trained that his pictures always seem to be the evidence of an actual eye-witness. Meissonier's diaries contain almost wearisome accounts of this untiring search of truthful circumstance. One day he finds that Napoleon never loosened his epaulettes, and wore an overcoat large enough to go over the shoulders easily. Another time he meets a man who was a medical officer at Leipzig, who tells him that the

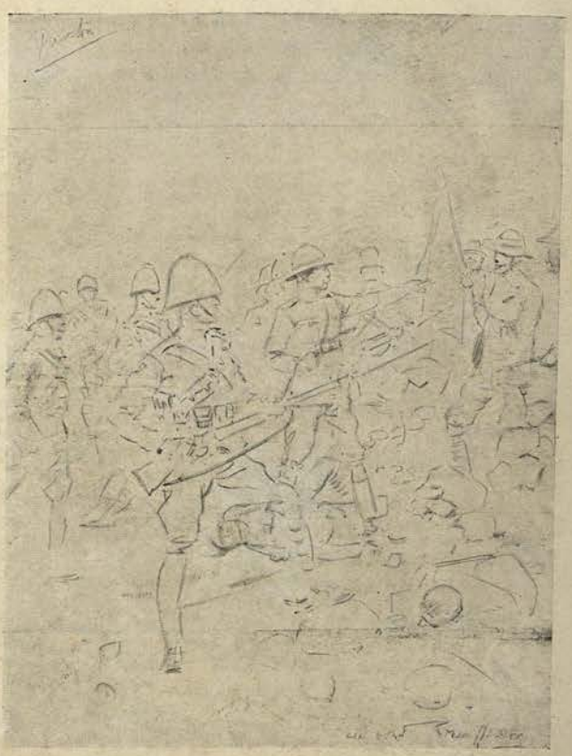


By permission of "The Illustrated London News." *Boer Treachery.—Firing on Indian Stretcher Bearers in charge of a Wounded Officer (p. 17).*
Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.

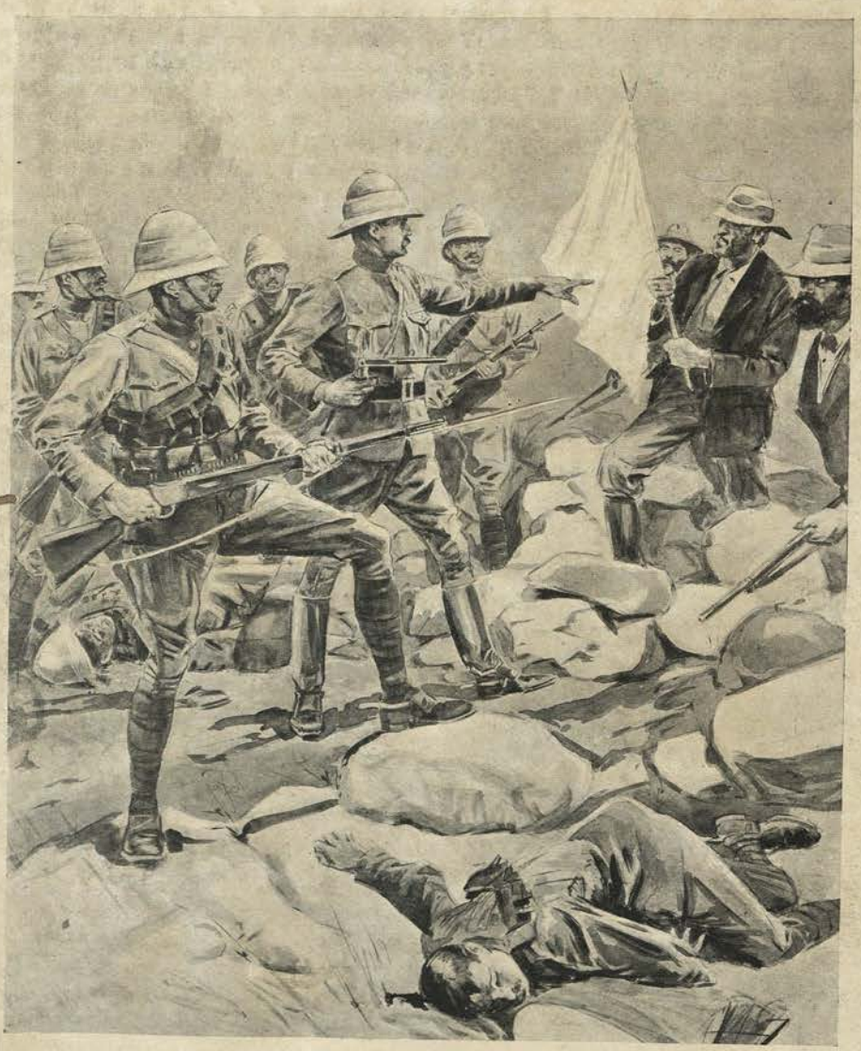
sleeves of Ney's overcoat always hung empty, for he never put his arms through them, and that the plumes of his hat were always dirty. Yet, with all this overmastering love of detail Meissonier avoided the gruesome side of war. He never forgot the carnage at Solferino, and when the peace of Villafranca was signed, he exclaimed, "Thank God, we shall see no more corpses in the furrows." The depicting of such horrors has been left to such a zealous realist as Verestchagin, and to such an uncompromising recorder as the camera.

An examination of the sketches and drawings made by British special artists and war artists, proves that the ideal aimed at has been the medium between this avoidance and emphasis of the sensational side of battle. The enormous area, however, now covered in military operations has completely altered the artist's opportunities. He must perforce endeavour to depict stirring incidents, but, where the conflicting forces are miles apart, it is very difficult to find subjects which follow the old conventions. Whenever there has been hand-to-hand fighting, the war special has been eager enough to make the best of his chances, and, it goes without saying, has been fearless enough to risk everything.

The sketches sent home by Messrs. Melton Prior, Villiers, Fripp, Maud, Prater, Wollen, and other artists engaged at the front, all contain evidence of this absolute disregard of personal safety. Everybody knows by this



By permission of "The Sphere."
Colonel Thorneycroft at Spion Kop (p. 12).
The original sketch by Ernest Prater.



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Colonel Thorneycroft at Spion Kop (p. 12).
Drawn by R. M. Paxton, after a sketch by Ernest Prater.

time the hardships which the best war correspondents are prepared to undergo in the fulfilment of their duty. It is not always grasped, however, what a number of exciting experiences can be crowded into a few years of life. Take, for example, the career of Mr. W. T. Maud, of *The Graphic*. His record, stated modestly in his own words, runs thus:—

"I started as a war correspondent in the Cretan Rebellion in 1896, and spent two months with the insurgents in the mountains, where I had a good opportunity of seeing guerilla warfare. In the spring of 1897 I was sent out to Greece, and was present at all the battles that took place in Thessaly. In July of the same year I joined the Egyptian army and advanced with it to Berber, where active operations ceased for that year. In company with four other correspondents I crossed the desert to Suakim; our caravan being the first to reopen the route to the Red Sea from the Nile. Upon arriving at Suakim I found awaiting me a telegram from *The Graphic* instructing me to proceed in all haste to the North-west Frontier of India. When I reached Peshawur it was mid-winter, and

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A 4·7 Naval Gun in Action (p. 17).
Drawn by R. Caton Woodville, from a sketch by a Naval Officer.

By permission of "The Sphere." *The Charge of the Black Watch at Magersfontein (p 10).*
Sketch by W. B. Wollen, R.I.

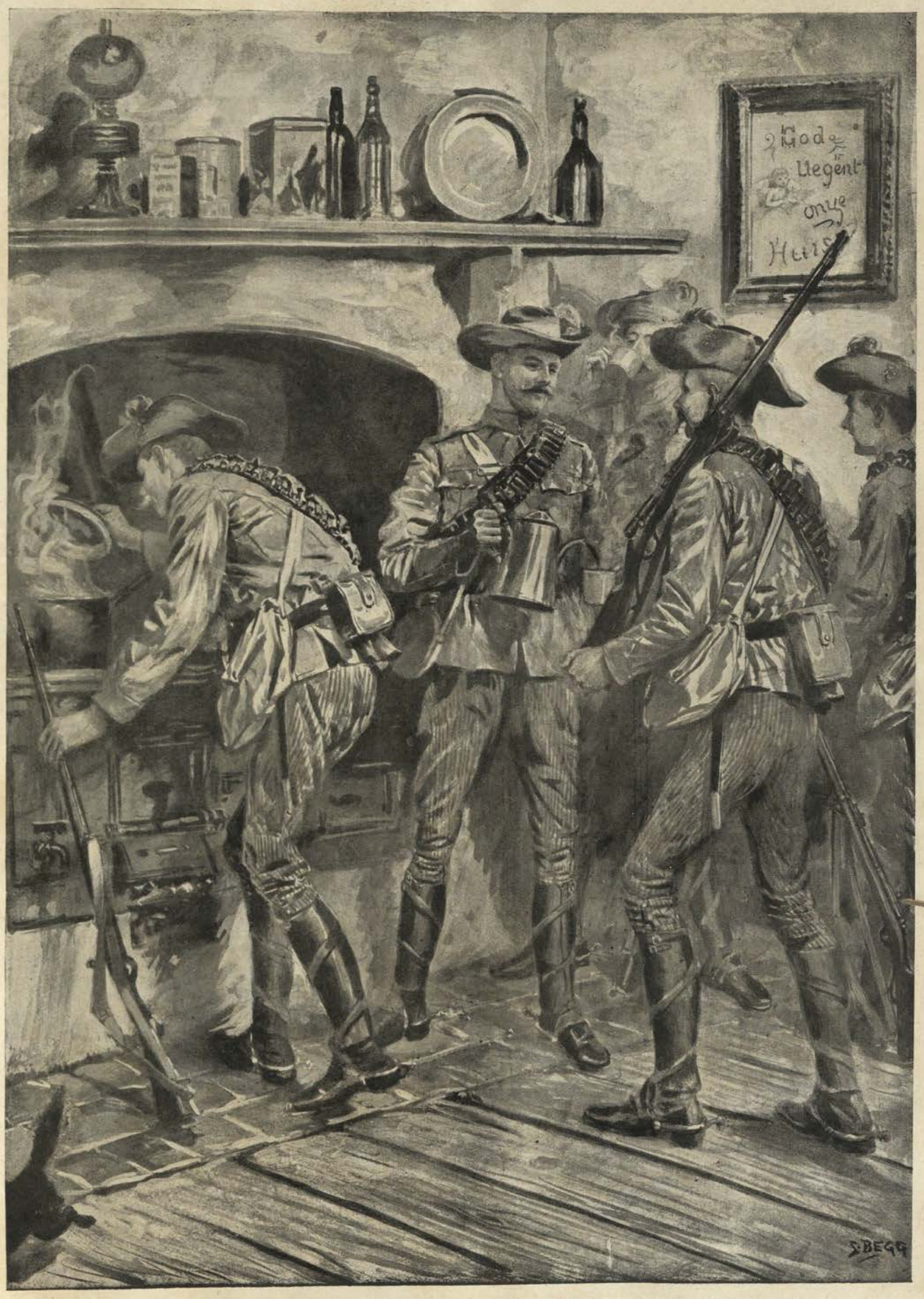
the sudden change from the heat of the Sudan to the intense cold of Tirah was somewhat trying. I was with Sir William Lockhart in the Bazar Valley in the reopening of the Khyber Pass. At the conclusion of these operations, I joined the Malakand Field Force under Sir Bindon Blood, and entered the country of the Bunerwals. This expedition brought the Tirah campaign to a close, and I returned to Bombay, which I found scourged with the plague. I spent a few days in the hospitals and segregation camps, receiving every facility from the authorities for making sketches. I then returned home, married, and it was on my honeymoon that I had the opportunity of witnessing the two days' street fighting in Milan. In July of the same year (1898) I returned to the Sudan, and was present at the Battle of Omdurman. In the September of the following year I went out to South Africa, and arrived in Ladysmith a few days before it was besieged. The great Boer attack on January 6th considerably weakened the garrison, and, with many other civilians, I volunteered for the defence of the town, and was appointed aide-de-camp to General Ian Hamilton. The very day that General Buller arrived with the relief force I went down with enteric fever."

A perusal of this frank and simple statement will give a suggestive key to the difficulties that beset the path of the artist war correspondent. From Ladysmith Mr. Maud despatched many interesting pen sketches. 'The Charge of the Devons on Wagon Hill' (page 8) is a good example of his powers. The headlong rush of the Devons, led by Colonel Park in the driving rain, is finely drawn, and is precisely the kind of sketch to endow a battle painter with an inspiring theme. In 'A Candidate for the V.C.' (page 1) he has illustrated one of those numerous incidents of self-sacrifice with which the campaign has teemed. The sketch shows the Hon. R. Pomeroy, of the 5th Dragoon Guards—which had brilliantly covered the retirement of the Imperial Light Horse in the sortie on November 3rd—galloping back and carrying a trooper who had lost his horse.

Mr. Maud's sketches form an instructive series, illustrating the life in Ladysmith during the memorable siege. Whether the incident be such as the bursting of a shell amongst a group of Natal Carabiniers exercising their horses in the main street, or the mounting of two old howitzers on Wagon Hill, he shows a careful mastery of detail and an eye to pictorial effect. His ability to draw a horse can be easily recognized in 'Driving Cavalry Horses Away' (page 18), which illustrates one of the saddest incidents of the siege. On the back of his sketch Mr. Maud explains that when the supplies of forage were exhausted the cavalry horses were turned out to hunt for their own living, but when their accustomed feeding time came round they all came cantering back to their lines whinnying for their corn, whereupon the troopers would try to drive them away, but quite in vain.

Mr. Melton Prior and his adventurous colleague Mr. Frederick Villiers have long ago clinched their reputations as artists in the field. Each possesses an intimate acquaintance with military affairs and each has reduced his work to a perfect system. Mr. Prior's sketches show a wonderful grasp of a general situation, and the abundant notes which cover his work are found invaluable to his London colleagues on the *Illustrated London News*. The portrait group of 'Foreign Military Attachés' (p. 14) is very characteristic. There is much internal evidence of truthful detail, and the useful colour notes which can easily be read in our reproduction must have been found most serviceable to

By permission of "The Sphere." *Corporal McKay at the Modder (p. 10).*
Sketch by W. B. Wollen, R.I.



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***Colonial Troops** commandeering a Boer Dinner (p. 18).*
Drawn by S. Begg, from a sketch by F. Villiers.

By permission of "The Graphic."

The Charge of the Devons on Wagon Hill (p. 6).
Sketch by W. T. Maud.

It becomes a pleasurable duty in connexion with our publication to render the most appreciative acknowledgments of the great courtesy of the proprietors of the chief illustrated papers in permitting the writer of this article to examine the sketches forwarded home by their representatives in the field, and the finished drawings made from them by their war staff of special black-and-white artists. Further, in generously allowing the reproduction of the selected sketches and drawings which adorn this Annual, the proprietors of those papers have granted an exceptional favour, and at the same time have paid a graceful compliment to that gifted branch of artists which has brought such credit to the illustrated press in return for the wise fostering of its services. Thus it will be found that, among others, such well-known men are represented in this number as R. Caton Woodville, John Charlton, J. Finnemore, Dudley Hardy, Sidney Paget, A. Forestier, W. Hatherell, James Greig, and Frank Craig.

the artist to whom the task of making a finished drawing was allotted. Mr. Prior may be described as the *doyen* of war specials, and his portrait will be found on page 32.

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The heroic attempt to save the guns at Colenso, where Lord Roberts' son lost his life (p. 12).
Sketch by Ernest Prater.

THEIR ORDEAL OF FIRE—THE GRENADIER GUARDS AT BIDDULPH'S BERG (P. 20)

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An Ambush and Stampede (p. 18).
Drawn by John Charlton.

By permission of "The Sphere." *Saving the Guns at Colenso (p. 18).*
Drawn by Stanley Berkeley.

As previously stated the chief duty of the artist on the spot is to make sketches which shall be of the greatest utility to the artists entrusted with their elaboration. And, without suggesting any invidious comparisons, it must be stated that Mr. W. B. Wollen, R.I., and Mr. Ernest Prater have displayed, besides this sense of usefulness, an unwonted power of draughtsmanship which has transformed a workable sketch into a work of art. Mr. Wollen's drawings, executed whilst accompanying the western force, are of singular ability. Naturally, he had many opportunities at Magersfontein, and on page 6 is reproduced a spirited sketch of the attack of the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Highlanders. He has contrived in this to give the effect just before that period of dawn known to us in Cæsar's language as "prima luce." As the Black Watch came abreast of the Boer position at 4.10 A.M. the whole of the trench was one sheet of flame from end to end; the kopje behind looming out black and indistinct in the faint flickerings of early morning light. The falling figure leading the attack is the gallant Major-General Wauchope.

To the solemn spectacle of the funeral of this hero, Mr. Wollen devoted a large sketch which is reproduced on page 27. The notes on this drawing can be easily deciphered, but without these, the masterly study is most effective, and there is a convincing sense of motion in the advancing pipers who are playing the slow-step usual at the impressive function of the burial of a Highland chieftain.

Mr. Wollen is especially apt in portraying masses of men, and his power of realizing distances is given much scope in such an example as the departure of Cronje and the four thousand Boer prisoners under escort after Lord Roberts' brilliant capture of the Paardeberg stronghold (page 12). An admirable landscape effect is reproduced in the scene 'Cavalry Patrol engaged with Boer Scouting Party' (page 29). Of a more exciting kind is his wash drawing of Boers stampeding under the merciless fire of a shell from the Naval Brigade (page 14), and a theme dear to admirers of the cool truculence of the Highland piper will be seen illustrated on page 6, showing how Corporal McKay of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders played that soul-stirring strain of Lucknow fame, "The Campbells are coming," at the Modder, to get the men together, as the officer's word of command could not be heard in the storm of bullets. Altogether Mr. Wollen's record in the war is of great achievement, and some of his huge panoramic scenes such as General French's action at Rooj Kop, the size of which prevents its reproduction in these pages, give a very lucid idea of the great range of country covered in most of the military operations.

A similar measure of success has attended Mr. Ernest Prater's work throughout the war. His sketches, uniformly executed on ordinary drawing paper in pencil, are of exceptional merit and would delight the eye of the most exigent master of an art class by their conscientious draughtsmanship. But above this there is a breadth of view and a spirited sense of life and action. He shows no tendency to repeat any studied formula that would make his work more easily performed, and, in conse-

By permission of "The Sphere." *Boers surprised (p. 12).*
Sketch by Ernest Prater.

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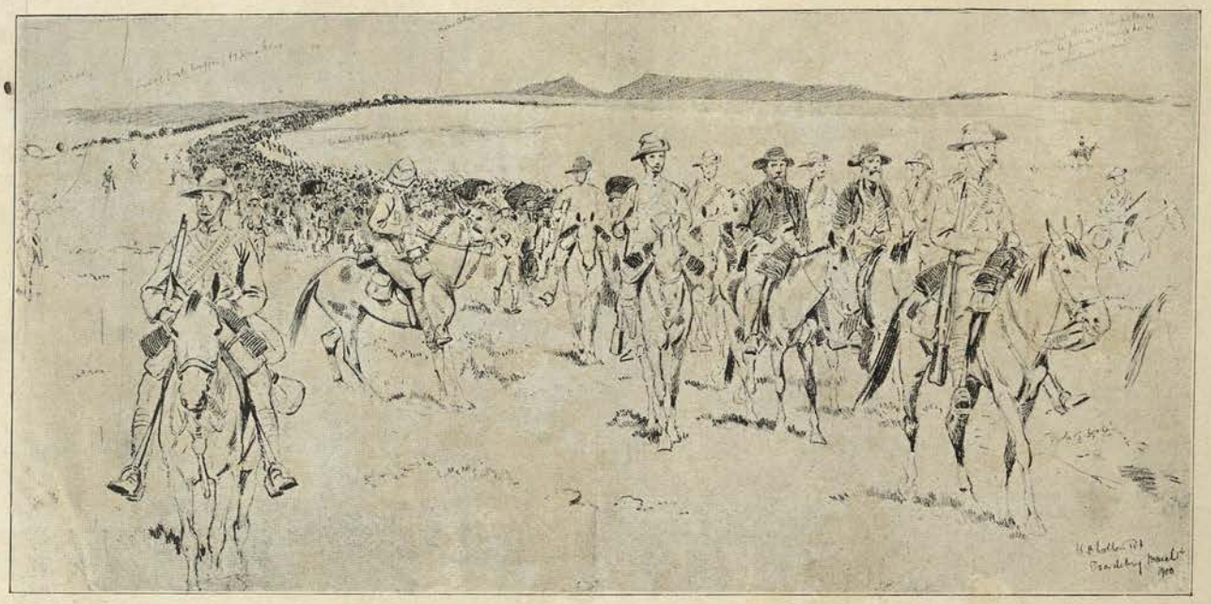
A British Shell (p. 16).
Drawn by J. Finnemore, R.I. From a sketch by Ernest Prater.



By permission of "The Sphere."

Departure of Cronje and Boer Prisoners from Paardeberg (p. 10).
Sketch by W. B. Wollen, R.I.

quence, his sketches give an air of versatility and variety which it is to be hoped will always characterize his work.

In reproducing a goodly number of his examples an opportunity is afforded of adequately illustrating the duty of an artist in the field and the efficiency with which this duty can be fulfilled. Of all the heroic deeds chronicled in the war none has exceeded in glory and pathos the attempt of the late Lieutenant Roberts and his brave comrades, Captain Congreve, Captain Reed, Captain Schofield and Corporal Nurse, to save the guns at Colenso. This sketch by Mr. Prater (page 8) is the tribute of a young artist to a young hero. Nothing could be more eloquent of the theme. The snorting artillery team of horses, with difficulty checked in their terror by the drivers, make a fine foil for the figures of the cool Lieutenant and Corporal hitching on the traces to the limber. Note, too, the head of the calm charger on the extreme left in keeping with its intrepid master and in telling relief against the prancing team. The drawing is so suggestive of the scene that Mr. Prater's notes to the middle and right, "shrapnel shell bursting," and "common shell bursting," seem superfluous.

By permission of "The Sphere."

Meeting of General Buller and Christian Botha (p. 18).
Drawn by J. Finnemore, R.I. After a sketch by Trooper Simon.

'Colonel Thorneycroft on Spion Kop' (page 4) is another forcible sketch, and by the courtesy of *The Sphere* we are allowed to give on the same page Mr. R. Paxton's development of it. The observer will see at a glance how faithfully the original suggestion has been followed. Mr. Prater's note on the back of his sketch will be found of interest:—"After having gained and occupied a portion of the ridge of Tabamyama (Spion Kop) it was held all day under a most terrible cross shell and rifle fire which shockingly mutilated our troops. A Boer then came forward with a white flag and demanded our surrender. Colonel Thorneycroft, in a great rage, peremptorily ordered his return, saying, 'Go away! I'm in command. There is no surrender here!'" Another note states that Colonel Thorneycroft wore a lower hat than his troops, is a big, powerful man, and carried a Mauser revolver, a sketch of which Mr. Prater appended.

Previous to the fight on Spion Kop an incident occurred —unfortunately too rare in the campaign—of our troops surprising the Boers. This forms the subject of the sketch on page 10, and gives a good idea of the affair. The Boers, quite unaware of a flanking party of Natal Carabiniers, Natal Police, Imperial Light Horse, and South African Light Horse, are seen advancing towards the scouts. In this incident the Boers lost over forty killed. The figures in the sketch are Natal Carabiniers, and are sketched with much regard for accuracy of detail.

By permission of "The Illustrated London News."

Champagne Luncheon to Cronje (p. 17).
Drawn by R. Caton Woodville. From a sketch by F. Villiers.

By permission of "The Illustrated London News."

Foreign Military Attachés (p. 6).
Sketch by Melton Prior.

Another reproduction, 'Capture of Pieter's Hill by the East Surrey Regiment' (page 25), on Majuba Day, is a very realistic sketch of hand-to-hand fighting. In the fury of their onset, the infantry rushed the Boer trenches, and bayoneted or knocked over many of the defenders before the genuine white flag could be raised. The struggling figures in the foreground—farmer and private—are drawn with much vigour. In 'Bringing in the Wounded' (p. 22) Mr. Prater throws a sidelight on the grim side of war. It requires very little imagination to grasp the stress and suffering of which this little sketch of an extemporized hospital is so mindful. The solitary surgeon and his assistant have assuredly enough in hand, and this may account for the incorrect bandaging of the left arms of the two figures in the foreground and against the wall respectively.

The last example of Mr. Prater's work, 'The Meeting of the Two Battalions of the Devonshire Regiment' (page 24), suffers somewhat in reproduction, but is an uncommonly clever sketch in the original. The history of all reliefs shows that the besieged are as a rule smart and clean compared with their deliverers, and Mr. Prater points out that the Ladysmith garrison, though wan and weak, appeared quite neat and tidy, whereas Buller's men were dust-begrimed and dirtily clad. The men of the twin battalions of the Devonshire regiment had long been separated, and the dramatic moment of their meeting, one as part of the relieving column, and the other as a portion of the

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A Shell from the Naval Brigade (p. 10).
Sketch by W. B. Wollen, R.I.

By permission of "The Illustrated London News."

Marksmen keeping down Fire of Enemy's Guns (p. 18).
Drawn by A. Forestier. From a sketch by Melton Prior.

The misery of being a washer-
woman's son in the siege of Mafeking.
She will go on washing when shells
are flying about, and keeps on standing
on my head all the time

By permission of W. L. Thomas, Esq. *The Washerwoman's Son (p. 16).*
Sketched by General Baden-Powell at Mafeking.

of war, and this came as no surprise to those who had known him either as schoolfellow or comrade in arms. For a long time these had felt that in the soldier had been lost both a capable artist and a clever actor. Happily for England the opportunity came to vindicate the soldier's choice in spite of other inducements. The *vis comica*, which he possesses to such a high degree, stood him in good stead throughout the hardy defence of Mafeking. It helped him to make light of hardships and to inspire his forces with breezy confidence and determination.

Every communication that came through was alive with this hearty humour, and the British public prayed and waited for the happy ending. Just a month before relief came he wrote the following characteristic note:—"All blooming and booming here. We shan't know what to do with ourselves if we get relieved, we're so accustomed to our imprisonment now. Perhaps they'll forget about us and leave us to our little fun with the Boers, who, by the way, seem far more tired of the game than we are. I hope in a few days to make them still more tired of it. Hoping this may get through to you (our last two runners came back with bullet holes in them)."

Accompanying this was the funny sketch of 'The Washerwoman's Son' (page 16), depicting the trials of a Mafeking baby, whose mother, infected by the general indifference to danger, insisted on prosecuting her calling, notwithstanding the nearness of bursting shells. The native method of nursing babies causes the child literally to be standing on its head, and it must be confessed that the humour of the drawing is very much at the infant's expense.

welcoming guard of honour, was very touching. Mr. Prater has portrayed this interesting group with much fidelity. The bearded and unkempt member of the relieving force shaking hands with his spick but emaciated comrade is capitally drawn, and the scene generally is strikingly realized.

In according praise for capable and artistic work, Mr. Prater's name should be frequently mentioned. The gallant defence and relief of Ladysmith, just referred to, give Mr. J. Finnemore's drawing of 'The Meeting of General and Lady White' (page 30) interesting significance. Apart from its personal side the drawing is well arranged, and is a good example of sound portraiture and unexaggerated effect. Another of Mr. Finnemore's large drawings has been reproduced on page 11. This is a finely conceived picture, and depicts with much vividness the terror of horsemen stampeding at the horrid burst of shell. The riderless horse to the right making his death plunge is admirably sketched, and one can readily see that such a sketch as Mr. Wollen's on page 14 has afforded Mr. Finnemore plenty of suggestion.

It can be stated without contradiction that to General Baden-Powell was left the discovery of the cheery side

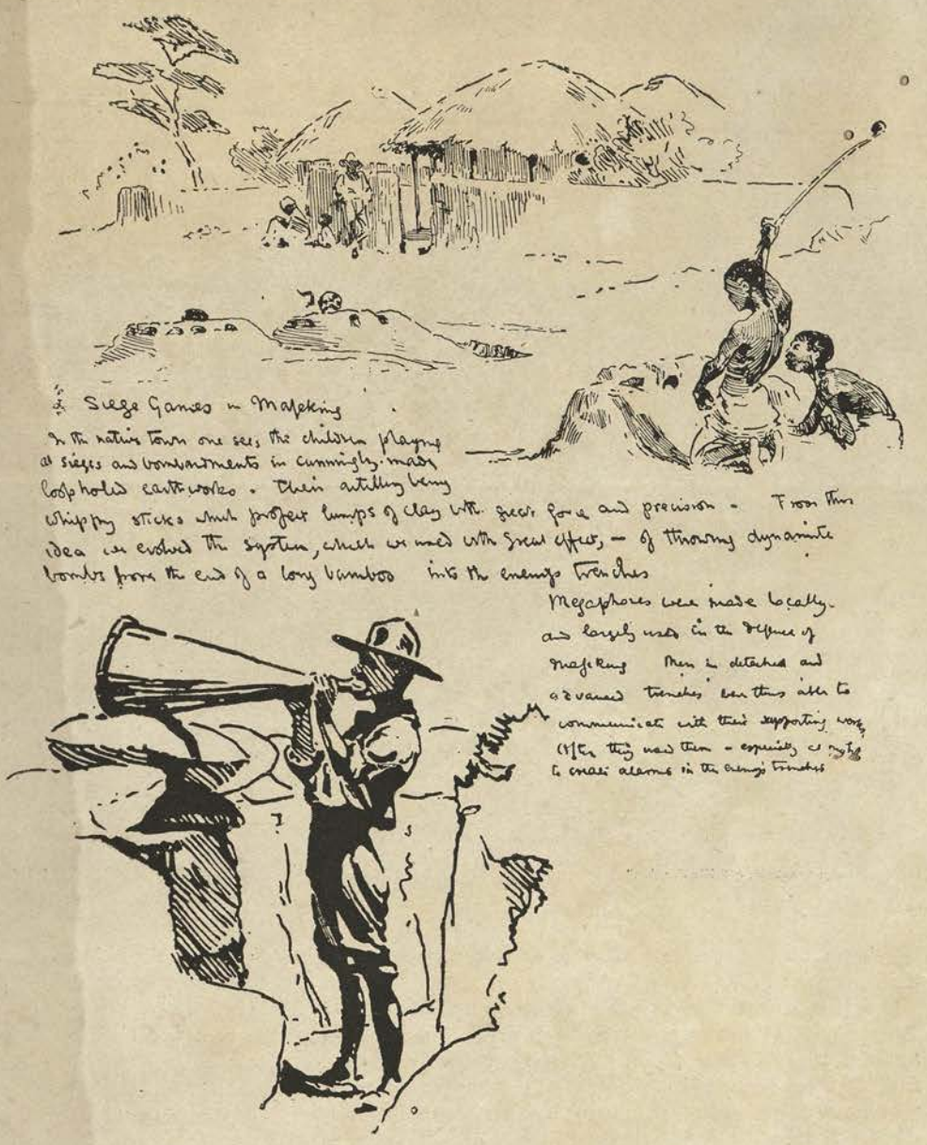
Another clever sketch was that devoted to Lord Edward Cecil's bright 'Cadet Corps' (p. 26) which rendered such useful service as boy messengers and powder monkeys during the siege. It requires little examination to show that General Baden-Powell is no tyro in art, and that it is long ago since he passed the stage of the amateur. As the author of one of the best works of military observation, "Scouting," it was only natural that he should be quick to perceive how to turn all his resources to the best account.

The sketch, 'Siege Games in Mafeking,' with his own notes, illustrates this (p. 17). He explains how, by watching the native children's precision in throwing lumps of clay with whipping sticks, he adopted the effective method of throwing dynamite bombs from the end of a long bamboo into the enemy's trenches. Another sketch shows the use of a home-made megaphone.

It is eminently fitting at this stage to make allusion to Mr. Dudley Hardy's 'Mafeking Night' (page 31), which vividly calls to mind the unprecedented national

enthusiasm when the Empire went literally mad with joy over the relief of the famous garrison. Here was a theme to inspire any artist, and it is not invidious to say that Mr. Hardy's realization of a typical scene thoroughly represents the best of the drawings made of the subject, as well as it embodies the perfervid thankfulness of the nation. There is no need to detail the parts of the stirring drawing. Mr. Hardy has contrived to mass them into a broad and telling impression of the national jubilation, and it must be one of the many pleasures of the defenders and relievers of Mafeking to look upon such a record.

It now becomes necessary to allude to those works reproduced in the foregoing pages, which have not yet been described. The headpiece on page 1 is characteristic of much sound work done by Mr. Sidney Paget for *The Sphere*. It amplifies a sketch made by Mr. Ernest Prater of a fine deed performed by the 78th battery of artillery, after engaging the enemy at Potgieter's Drift, in the advance to the relief of Ladysmith. Our guns had been shelled from end to end and the order was given to get out of range. Most of the limber was fortunate in getting clear, but in the incident portrayed, three men, after the horses had been shot, dragged a gun half a mile across the plain and miraculously escaped death.


Siege Games in Mafeking
In the native town one sees the children playing at sieges and bombardments in cunningly made loop-hold earthworks. Their artillery being whippy sticks and proper lumps of clay with great force and precision. From this idea is evolved the system, much in vogue with great effect, of throwing dynamite bombs from the end of a long bamboo into the enemy trenches
Megaphones are made locally and largely used in the defence of Mafeking. Men in detached and advanced trenches can thus talk to communicate with their supporting men (after they need them - especially at night) to create alarms in the enemy trenches

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Mafeking Siege Games (p. 16).
Sketch by General Baden-Powell.

On pages 2 and 3 we have instances of the well-proved ruthlessness of the enemy. Mr. James Greig's clever drawing, however, shows that, although some of the Boers mercilessly robbed the dying and the dead, others gave aid and water to the wounded. Mr. Greig has not hitherto been known as a war artist, but in this and other drawings he has been able to evince much readiness of resource and capable figure-drawing.

'Boer Treachery,' on page 3, is Mr. Caton Woodville's pictorial counterpart to Kipling's "Gunga Din," and is a worthy tribute to the fearless devotion of the Indian Stretcher-Bearers. The indignant attitude of the perforce-unarmed bearer in the drawing is of dramatic intenseness, and nothing could better give point to the notorious breaches of the humanity of war committed so often by the Boers, and reluctantly admitted by their sympathizers.

In the large illustration on page 5, 'A 4·7 Naval Gun in Action,' Mr. Caton Woodville has made good use of a capital sketch by an anonymous naval officer. The drawing furnishes a vivid idea of the great scope of operations at Grobler's Kop, and also a good insight into the splendid range of this invaluable weapon.

Mr. Woodville's third full-page drawing, 'Champagne Luncheon to Cronje,' on page 13, is a speaking commentary on what foreigners describe as our tearful magnanimity in dealing with a fallen foe, and is from a sketch by Mr. Fred Villiers, who drew the gormandish Cronje slaying the victuals so abundantly provided out of a really slender larder by the quixotic officer in command at the Modder just before the Boer leader's departure for Cape Town, illustrated on page 12. In the general shortness of rations the last of everything seems to have been bestowed on the prisoner. After smoking an officer's carefully treasured cigar, sympathetically offered during Cronje's quarter of an hour with Lord Roberts, it is on record that he asked for more, and in Mr. Woodville's elaboration of Mr. Villiers' sketch we see the guard looking very wistfully at the imminent waste of priceless champagne. There is both comedy and tragedy of a sort here, and the memory of that

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Riding for a Fall (p. 21).
Drawn by G. D. Giles.

luncheon at the Modder will be a sour possession to Cronje's guard for many a long year.

One feels that the victuals commandeered in Mr. Begg's capital drawing on page 7 are a poor set-off against this Modder feast. There is, nevertheless, infinitely more humour in the faces of the happy Colonials who have contrived to drop into Lubber Hoop Farm at dinner-time, than in the wolfish visage of the free luncher in Mr. Woodville's picture.

Another illustration of the war's amenities is to be found on page 12, depicting the friendly meeting of General Buller and Christian Botha. Mr. Finnemore's work is based on a workmanlike sketch by Trooper Simon, who was present. The hill behind is the fateful Majuba, and the incident illustrated is the consultation, which proved to be fruitless, on terms of surrender; Botha eventually refusing to give in unconditionally.

From one of Mr. Melton Prior's numerous sketches sent from Ladysmith, Mr. A. Forestier's full-page drawing on page 15, 'Marksmen at King's Post,' has been evolved. Mr. Forestier has rapidly come to the front in the field of illustration, and in this work he has faithfully followed Mr. Prior's suggestions, and well realized the distance of the enemy's hill guns, whose fire the marksmen from their advanced position are endeavouring to cripple. No record of war artists' work should omit mention of Mr. Stanley Berkeley, and if the small drawing on page 10, 'Saving the Guns at Colenso,' does not repeat the success of 'How Lord Roberts won the V.C.,' it is yet a forceful piece of work and worthy of a place in these pages.

With regard to Mr. John Charlton's An Ambush and Stampede,' page 9, occasion will again be taken to refer to this well-known horse-painter's work.

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Driving Starving Cavalry Horses Away (p. 6).
Sketch by W. T. Maud.

By permission of "The Graphic."

Advance of Hildyard's Brigade at Colenso (p. 21).
Drawn by Frank Craig.

By permission of "The Graphic."

An Ambush at Sanna's Post (p. 22).
Drawn by John Charlton.

It now suffices to say, that his lifelong study of the horse has, as usual, stood him in good stead in this magnificent drawing. Mr. Charlton's intention in this work is to illustrate the favourite method of the Boers of harassing an attacking enemy (who thinks he is unobserved), by firing a well-aimed shot at the transport wagons. This sets the animals plunging about, and they quickly get out of hand and stampede in the headlong manner so cleverly shown in the picture. It is interesting to state in connexion with this well-known tendency of animals to break away, that the practical suggestion has been made of making each transport horse wear a loose noose round the neck, so that immediately he begins to bolt, the cord produces a temporary sensation of choking, and he is checked.

The four extra plates contained in this number have been chosen to prove the high standard reached in the illustration of the war by representative black-and-white artists. Mr. Caton Woodville's record of work is an astonishing display of industry and gifted facility, and the fine subject 'Their Ordeal of Fire,' is in every way worthy of his powers. It depicts the gallant stand of the Grenadiers at Biddulph's Berg on the burning veldt, which, as it became blackened, threw the doomed Guards in their khaki into high relief, and made them conspicuous marks for the enemy's fire. Many of the unfortunate wounded, despite the valiant efforts of their heroic comrades, were burnt to death, but through it all the indomitable coolness of the British infantryman prevailed. This is the spirit with which the picture is instinct, and it perpetuates the memory of an exploit fit to be ranked with any on the Guards' glorious roll of fame.

In Mr. Frank Craig's 'Holy Communion on the Veldt,' the young artist has sought inspiration from the most solemn ceremony known to men. Fritz Von Uhde, Liebermann and Dagnan-Bouveret have painted the subject, and striven to impart a pathetic simplicity to it by choosing the peasant and the fisherman as types; but surely no note could ring more true than the rugged sincerity of this intense composition. The manly devotion of it all is overwhelming, and in these stern faces, wearing the expression of meek trustfulness, one

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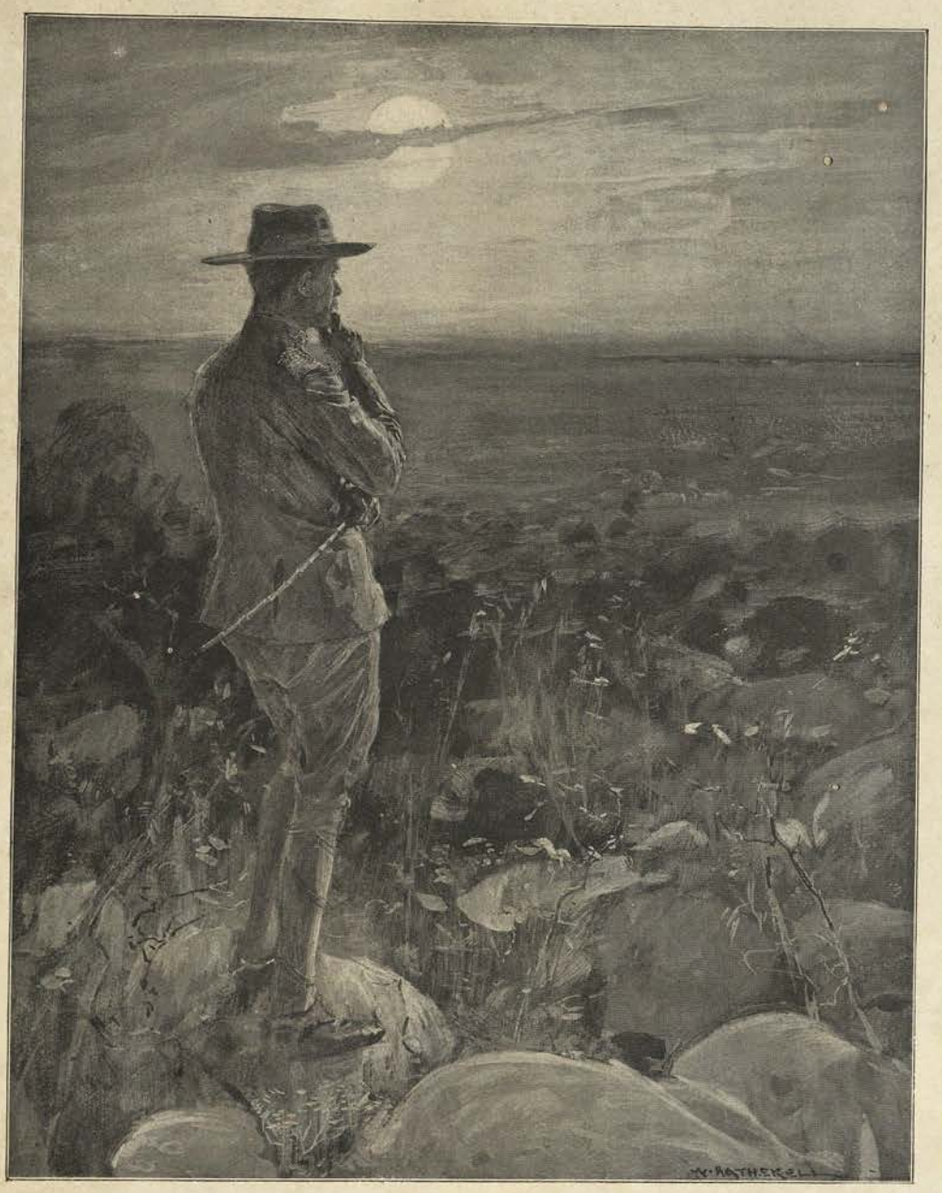
Majuba Avenged (p. 22).
Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I., from a sketch by H. McCormick.



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B.-P. at Mafeking—the last Look Round (p. 21).
Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

can see the reflex of that cheerful faith which, like Havelock, Lord Roberts nobly and manfully confesses. In place of the Saxon warriors singing a tumultuous song to Wodin and Thor, or of gladiators shouting the despairing cry, "Morituri te salutant!" we have here still a band of dauntless men, but in a serene and majestic calm.

A return is made to the grim actuality of war in Mr. John Charlton's 'Cavalry crossing a Drift.' This well-known painter of the horse has a subject here into which he has put much of his experienced study, and in every case the trooper's mount is drawn to the life. The figure of the officer in the rising background, utterly regardless of the bursting shell below, gives the composition just that touch of cool intrepidity shared by all his men in the decidedly uncomfortable crossing.

Our frontispiece, 'Colonel Plumer's Attempt to Relieve Mafeking,' drawn by Mr. Frank Dadd, R.I., is decidedly one of the most picturesque drawings of a conflict at close quarters executed by any artist during the war. The gallant endeavour was checked at Ramathlabama, as the small force, with little or no cover, save from the railway embankment, found itself in danger of being encircled by the reinforcements which poured forth from the Boer laagers. The drawing is alive with movement, and the figures of the troopers of the Rhodesian Horse, whether scorning or using cover, are powerfully realised. The Boers advancing to the attack in the middle distance are grouped equally effectively, and the stretch of veldt beyond shows a mastery of landscape effect to be classed with Mr. Hatherell's work on this page, to be referred to presently.

Along with Mr. Caton Woodville, Mr. G. D. Giles has made a name as a battle-painter in addition to establishing a reputation as a black-and-white artist. The example of his work given on page 18, 'Riding for a Fall,' is opportune in calling attention to the signal services rendered in the war by the Australian Volunteers. These magnificent troops, whether as scouts or rough-riders, quickly won their spurs in the field, and the illustration is typical of their unfailing resource. Finding their progress barred by a wire fence, they called on one of their number—a famous steeplechase jockey—to show his prowess. Straightway he rode bang at the obstacle, and his sturdy mount managed to break through without injury. The reader can well appreciate the admiration shown in the faces of the plucky rider's comrades.

Mr. Frank Craig's gift of filling his drawings with light and life—or should it be said atmosphere and death—is again displayed in the Battle of Colenso (page 19), devoted to the advance of General Hildyard's Brigade. He has well realized the terrible stress and difficulty of the unflinching infantryman's work on that day, and the picture is yet another proof of Mr. Craig's splendid work done for *The Graphic* during the year.

The same paper has also been well served by Mr. William Hatherell, R.I., who has long been known at the Langham Sketching Club as one of its cleverest members. In choosing four of his drawings for this Annual a good idea of his versatility may be obtained. The most ambitious of the series is undoubtedly 'The last Look Round,' given above, although B.-P.'s native

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Bringing up the Big Gun (p. 22).
Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

worshippers, in giving him the name of "The Wolf that never Sleeps," would deny that he ever did look round for the last time, unless it was on the day he left Mafeking for good. Here is, nevertheless, a finely conceived portrait, not unlike the figure on the Gordon monument, and on the moonlit stretch of mound and veldt the imagination can dwell for long.

The elaborate drawing reproduced on this page, 'Bringing up the Big Gun,' shows the sort of outing the gallant Naval Brigade had in their forced march to Ladysmith. There are no light picnic baskets here, but the stiffest tug-of-war in which a body of men could indulge. Mr. Hatherell's figure-drawing has been put to a full test, and, like the strenuous bluejackets in the picture, it has been successful. Her Majesty's message to General Buller: "Pray express to the Naval Brigade my deepest appreciation of the valuable services they have rendered with their guns," might well be attached to this picture. In its way 'Majuba Avenged,' page 20, is a pendant to Mr. Greig's drawing on page 2. After the battle on Talana Hill, officers and correspondents alike bore witness to the humanity of our privates, who, with rare self-denial, proved that Sir Philip Sidney's example has not been forgotten, and freely gave up their water-bottles to many a wounded Boer. Mr. Hatherell's last drawing, 'Spiking a Gun,' page 26, conveys a spirited impression of the exploit on Gun Hill outside Ladysmith, when General Hunter selected a body of Imperial Light Horse, Natal Carabiniers, and a few Sappers and Gunners, under the command of Major Henderson, to rush the Boer position at night and settle Long Tom. This was the occasion when some quick-witted volunteer shouted "Fix Bayonets!" (there were only four in the whole force) and the Boers fled precipitately, leaving a 6-inch Creusot and a 4·7 howitzer to be destroyed.

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Bringing in the Wounded (p. 14).
Sketch by Ernest Prater.

If Mr. John Charlton's 'An Ambush,' page 20, has, on the other hand, a regrettable incident as its foundation, none can gainsay the marvellous *élan* of the drawing. The Londoner is never more excited than when he has to stand aside and watch the mad rush of the team dragging a fire-engine through the parting stream of traffic. With this spectacle in his mind he can understand the intensified motive of Mr. Charlton's drawing depicting a driverless team of Royal Horse Artillery dashing in wild terror from the

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In the Trenches at Ladysmith (p. 24).
Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.

By permission of "The Sphere."

The Meeting of the Twin Battalions of the Devonshires at Ladysmith (p. 14).
Sketch by Ernest Prater

terrible ambush at Sanna's Post, where the Boers waited for the unsuspecting convoy.

It will have been noticed how the fighting in and about Ladysmith has called for much of the best work done by artists during the war, and it seems fitting that our last illustration of Mr. Caton Woodville's series should be 'In the Trenches at Ladysmith' (page 23). There is not such an opportunity for the display of dramatic composition as we have seen in 'Their Ordeal of Fire,' but no man knows better his types, and in this thin rank of determined defenders Mr. Woodville sets down all that stolidity, eagerness, coolness, and self-sacrifice incarnated in Tommy Atkins. Each face here is national; it is the face of a British hero, and happily for us as a nation it can be recognized at home in the face of the man in the street.

Whatever debateable questions have been or may be

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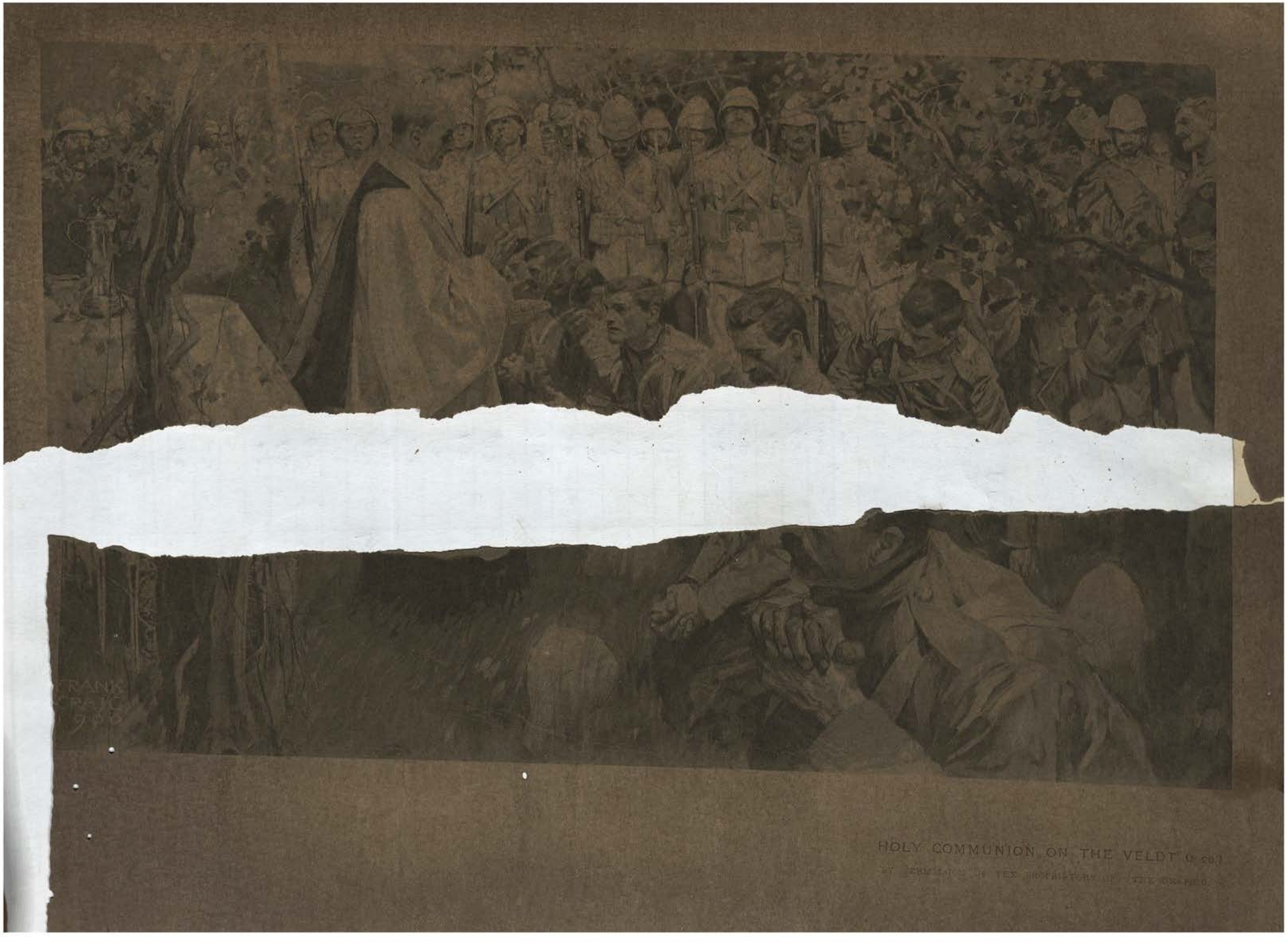
Correspondents watching a Big Gun Duel at Ladysmith (p. 30).
Sketch by H. McCormick.


HOLY COMMUNION ON THE VELDT

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The Capture of Pieter's Hill by the East Surrey Regiment (p. 14).
Sketch by Ernest Prater.

aroused by the campaign, every correspondent and foreign attaché has borne glad testimony to the incomparable grit and pluck of the British private. No one can look through the drawings and sketches in this Annual without feeling that the fighting stock of the nation has suffered no deterioration. The war artists have had abundant material at hand to make a lasting record of the patient and humble heroism of the common soldier, whether regular, volunteer, or colonial; and whilst this is our proud possession now, it will be in years to come a firing example to those who take up arms in the cause of the Empire. Imperturbable in danger, hopeful in hardship, and restrained in victory, the man of the rank and file has fulfilled his part. Whatever excesses of jubilation or depression were committed by Englishmen at home (and diligently emphasized by the foreigner abroad), there is only one opinion about the never-failing equability of the British soldier in South Africa. In the Crimea there was one soldiers' battle; on the veldt and kopjes there were scores. It is the duty of every writer who touches upon the chronicle of the campaign to pay this tribute, and even on that account alone the illustrations in this publication will not have been in vain.

Great though this popular appreciation of the soldier's

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A 6-in. Gun in Action (p. 28).
Sketch by Mortimer Menpes, R.I.

services has been, it does not exceed the gratitude and devotion shown to Lord Roberts and his able generals by the men whom they have led. It was, therefore, a happy thought of the proprietors of *Black and White* to despatch Mr. Mortimer Menpes to the seat of war in order that he might portray the leaders of our side as they appeared amongst their men. The portraits which this distinguished artist was able to make, and the many sketches of the stirring scenes he saw, cause one to regret that more painters, as such, did not avail themselves of the opportunities which the war provided. It may well be that eventually many of the gifted black-and-white artists, whose work is represented in these pages, will transfer their works to canvas, and it may also happily turn out that among the hosts of volunteers there were embryo battle-painters, but it is nevertheless disappointing that Mr. Menpes' example did not inspire a considerable section of painters to try their fortunes in the field. Hitherto our school of battle-painters has been thin indeed, despite the popular success that awaits it. The ensuing year will, however, show what men have been enterprising or imaginative enough to rise to the occasion. A flood of battle-pictures followed the Franco-German war, and new reputations were made. It is true Meissonier disappointed his admirers, but that ardent patriot found his excuse in declaring his inability to picture his countrymen defeated after his long series of Napoleonic triumphs. Yet, if the price of a national

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Lord Edward Cecil's Cadet Corps at Mafeking (p. 16).

Drawn by General Baden-Powell.

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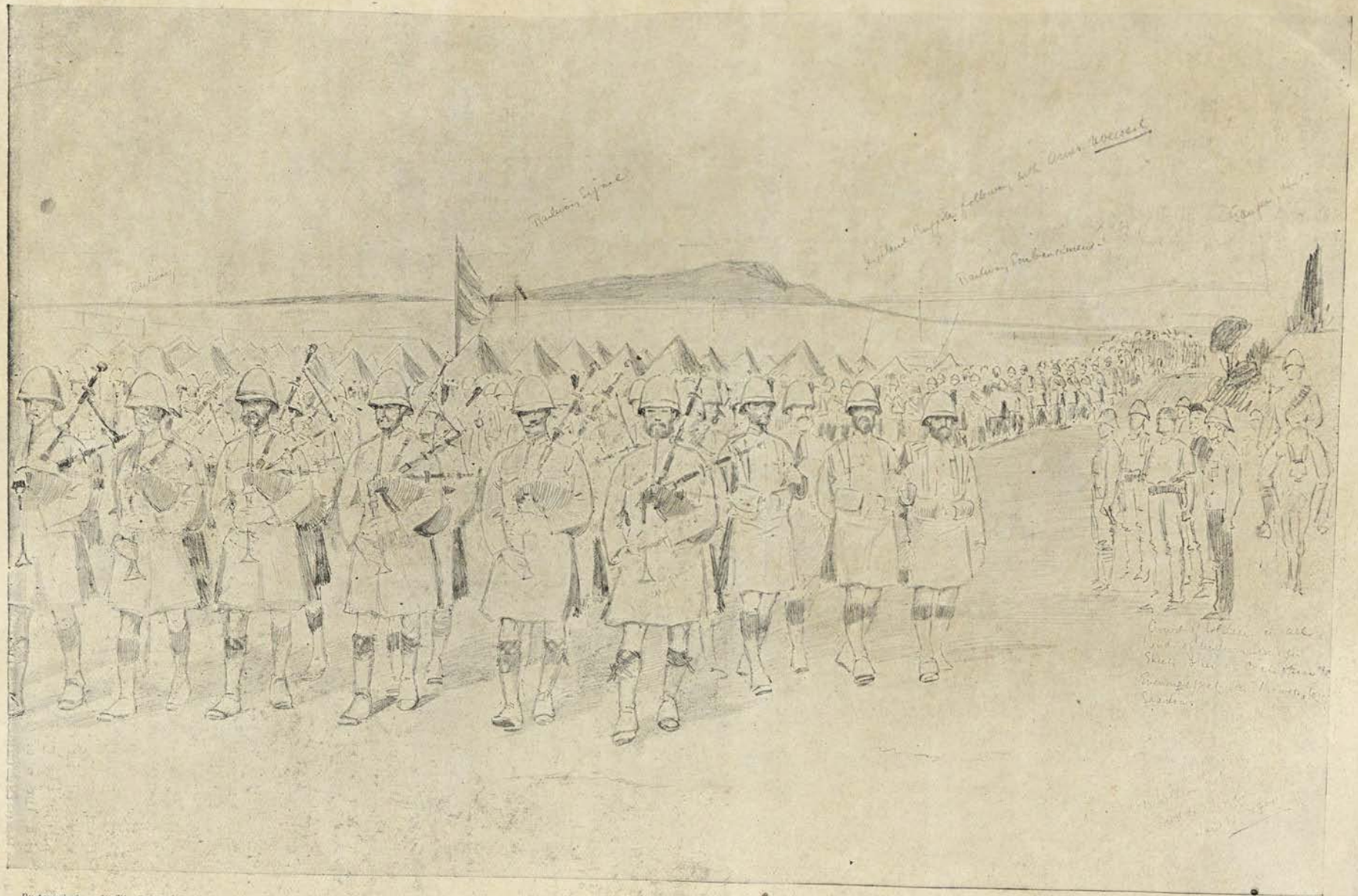
Spiking a Gun (p. 22).

Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

school of battle-painters be a foreign invasion, we must all rest thankful that it is not yet established. The resourceful artist who has never seen war will, nevertheless, have material enough to work upon if he makes use of the sketches and drawings of which this work contains so many examples.

The ready facilities offered to Mr. Menpes for the prosecution of his work were turned to excellent purpose. Of all the leaders in the campaign none has clinched the popular imagination more than that darling of the soldiery, "Fighting Mac." In Mr. Menpes' portrait (page 28) there is all the suggestion of unaffected manliness, for which he is idolized by his men. In its catch and insight of character it fulfils our expectations, and the result coincides with the fancy portrait that the mind conjures up in reading of the career of this fortunate soldier. Mr. Menpes has contrived in a few strokes of the pencil to take his man off guard as unerringly as ever Mr. Sargent does when he surprises his sitters. At first one is disposed to imagine that Mr. Menpes must have had many difficulties, in the absence of studio comforts, but on the other hand it must be borne in mind that a soldier is never more his real self than in a tent or on the field, and the artist's personal discomforts are compensated by the easy capture of his sitter's true personality. Yet Mr. Menpes confesses to having felt an unwonted diffidence when set face to face with Lord Roberts, despite the great leader's characteristic courtesy. The late



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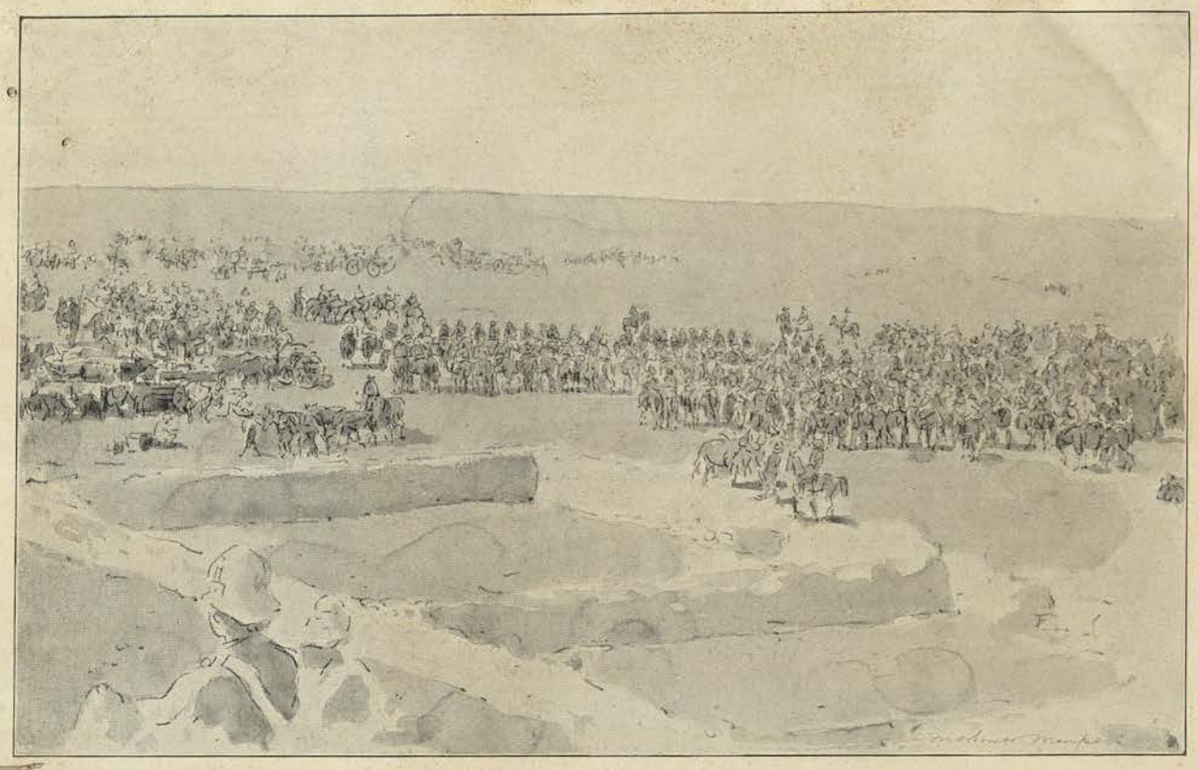
The Funeral of General Wauchope. The pipers are playing a pibroch (p. 10).
Sketch by W. B. Wollen, R.I.



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The Battle of Osfontein—Colonel Le Gallais' Mounted Infantry Brigade waiting the order to advance (p. 28). Sketch by Mortimer Menpes, R.I.

Admiral Maxse introduced the artist, who was forthwith begged to put himself at his ease and not to feel shy! It is doubtful whether any artist could give adequate expression to the refined strength that marks the individuality of Lord Roberts, but Mr. Menpes' portrait goes far to that end, and its inclusion in these pages (page 32) will help many to realize the extraordinary combination of force and sensibility possessed by this national hero.

One can detect the tentativeness of ultimate battle pictures in Mr. Menpes' three sketches of military operations. 'A 6-inch Gun in Action,' on page 25, has all the makings of an impressive picture. The main idea of rapid action and movement is well adhered to; the eye cannot fasten upon conspicuous detail; the morose hill in the background sends into relief the group of active artillerymen working their deadly ordnance. The scene is depicted as one would see it in one quick glimpse with the eye. In the same time the camera would register infinitely more detail at the expense of the broad impression. The pencil and wash drawing, 'The Battle of Osfontein,' above, drawn at the moment of Colonel Le Gallais' mounted infantry awaiting the order to advance, is interesting as showing one of those rare occasions when troops were massed in geometrical arrangement. Here again there is no insistence on subordinate parts. The scene in its entirety is suggested, and Mr. Menpes doubtless remembers vividly the colour scheme that filled his eye. A personal interest is added to this sketch, in that Lord Roberts enabled the artist to view the scene by lending him the field glasses presented by the Lord Mayor of London on the commander-in-chief's departure from England. The remaining sketch by Mr. Menpes, 'Lord Roberts addressing Lumsden's Horse,' page 29, is another characteristic piece of work. This was made on the arrival of this body of troops at Bloemfontein, and contains all the elements of a spectacular picture. It is to be hoped that the artist's developments of these

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"Fighting Mac" (p. 26). Sketch by Mortimer Menpes, R.I.

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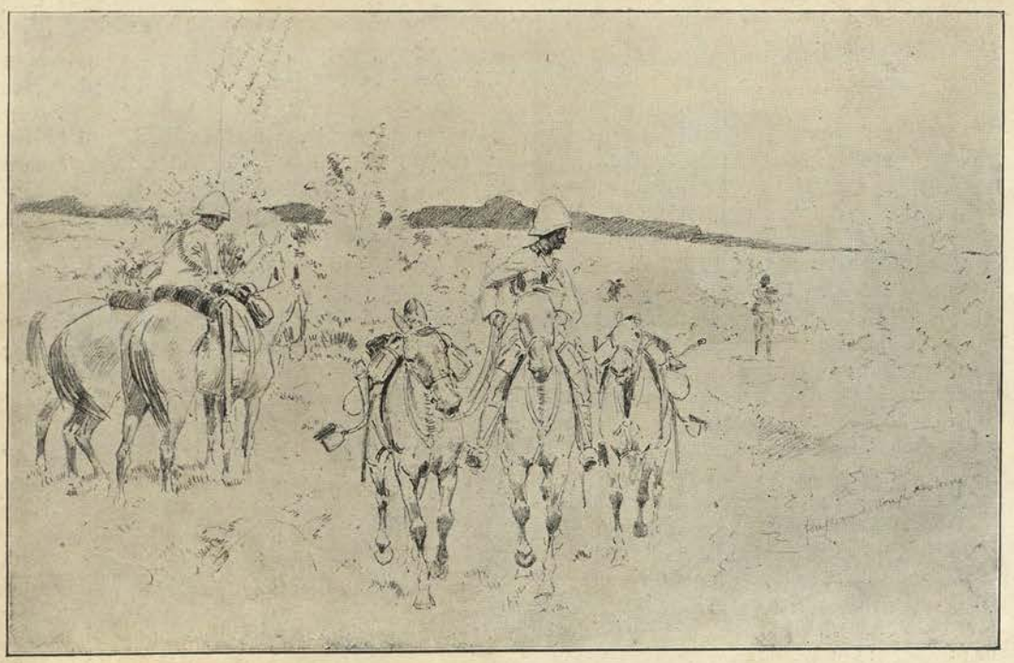
Lord Roberts addressing Lumsden's Horse on their arrival at Bloemfontein (p. 28).
Sketch by Mortimer Menpes, R.I.

suggestive sketches will be successful, and thereby point the usefulness of personal experience of war to painters who would essay its treatment.

The sterner necessities of modern warfare will be found, however, to have robbed the artist of his greatest picturesque accessory — variety of colour. When armies went forth to battle, bedizened in all the swaggering plumage of military dandyism, the palette sparkled with gay pigments. The Field of the Cloth of Gold has now become a literal fact, and it will be decidedly interesting to see what artistic enterprise or license can make out of the masses of the dull yellow gold of khaki. The locomotive has not succeeded the four-in-hand as a pictorial accessory, and the frigate in the Painted Hall at Greenwich still waits for the ironclad.



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Cavalry Patrol engaged with Boer Scouting Party (p. 10).
Sketch by W. B. Wollen, R.I.

By permission of "The Sphere." *The Meeting of General and Lady White (p. 16).*
Drawn by J. Finnemore, R.I.

How will the painter of modern warfare make up then for the rich uniforms the troops have left behind them? Let us hope that the future school will not rush to sensationalism to compensate itself for this deprivation of picturesqueness. Art has no home amongst the horrors of realism or of carnage. The warrior asks for no reminder of these. He hopes that they may be buried deep beneath the paths of peace. Preachings on canvas against the strife of battle have always been in vain, and a gallery full of pictures by Delacroix will not prevent a people rushing into war. As the Comte Delaborde said in his oration on Meissonier before the French Academy: "Let there be no dwelling on the stern lessons of a terrible disenchantment, but a noble encouragement in patriotic devotion, in well-doing, in faith and in hope."

The little sketch on page 24, 'Correspondents watching a Big Gun Duel at Ladysmith,' made by Mr. H. McCormick, the three figure in which are the late Mr. G. W. Steevens (on the extreme left), Mr. G. Lynch, and Mr. W. T. Maud, looking through field-glasses, reminds us of other men besides soldiers who risk their lives in war in the service of the public. Mr. Maud's artistic work has received worthy acknowledgment already in these pages, but few perhaps are aware how cheerfully and unselfishly he strove to save the life of his comrade Steevens when stricken down in Ladysmith. The little band of artists and war correspondents, including such men as Mr. Lionel James of *The Times*, Mr. William Maxwell of *The Standard*, and Mr. H. Pearse of *The Daily News*, all attest Mr. Maud's noble devotion to their brilliant colleague, whose untimely cutting off was a national loss. Mr. James says:—"Maud was as mother, nurse, and everything to poor Steevens."

It seems especially fitting that this personal tribute should find a place in our pages. Mr. McCormick's sketch shows the weary round and common task, so frequently described by Mr. Steevens in his interesting letters, of the endeavour of our guns to cope with the enemy's big ordnance. The sketch is dated November 7th, and by the end of the month "we had assumed," wrote Mr. Steevens, "half-sullenly, half-carelessly, that the big guns were invulnerable, and that the only thing was to stiffen our backs and go on being shelled." But on the 28th—"two deserters and a native spy all said so—a shell from the forward 4·7 hit the original Long Tom on Pepworth's Hill. It chipped a bit off the muzzle, said they, exploded a shell in the gun, blew out the breech block, crumpled up the wheels, and killed the five men who were in the emplacement. Later, a native deposed—probably falsely—that he had seen a battered gun being taken home by rail to Pretoria. Anyhow, Long Tom never spoke again."

That the illuminating word pictures drawn by the few brilliant war correspondents at the front have been, and will be, most helpful to the war artist is unquestionable. When Mr. E. F. Knight, the author of "Where Three Empires Meet," lost his right arm at Belmont—shattered by an expanding bullet fired under cover of a white flag—what would have been an invaluable chronicle of this campaign was ruthlessly cut short; but no painter need be short of inspiration if he turns to the many graphic writings of Steevens, to such a moving recountal as Mr. Lionel James' 'Battle of Elandslaagte,' or Mr. Maxwell's telling description of the desperate onset of the Boers at Ladysmith in the month of January; to Mr. Bennet Burleigh's story of the gunners' heroism at Colenso; to Mr. Neilly's recital of the unbreakable endurance of the Mafeking garrison, or to Mr. Hales' rousing episodes of scouting forays. These chronicles teem with vivid suggestion of valour and devotion, and prove that while the image of war may have changed, the old traditions of individual daring and self-sacrifice have been maintained over and over again.

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Mafeking Night in London (p. 16).
Drawn by Dudley Hardy, R.I.

By permission of "Black and White." *Lord Roberts (p. 28).*
Sketch by Mortimer Menpes, R.I.

War would indeed be a scourge, however, if it were wholly an unbroken chain of slaughter, violence, pain, and watchfulness. It has been abundantly manifest that the British soldier is always ready to take all the risks lightheartedly, and the kind of man who says when he is wounded: "Don't mind me: chuck me on one side!" is not the one to be moody and depressed when the strain of fighting or watching is slackened. It is not surprising, consequently, to find among the batches of war artists' sketches a goodly number of illustrations which show that there is a time for relaxation as well as for work.

Mr. Wollen and Mr. Prater have each been careful to note this welcome relief from toil and hardship, and the light comedy of war has been set down in many a clever sketch. "B. P." mentions the little children of Mafeking laughing and crowing over the bursting shells, and the besieged in Ladysmith were not slow in finding means of amusement during the monotony of bombardment. In the National Gallery there is a canvas by Teniers, 'Boers playing Tric-Trac.' Should a painter be desirous of making a companion picture he has only to borrow Mr. Maud's sketch of 'The Manchesters playing cards in a sangar on Cæsar's Camp' during an interval in the bombardment. There is much excellent fun in Mr. Prater's sketch, 'The Disappearing Irishman,' a game played now and again by Buller's cheery men. The rules of this are worth giving. One of the troopers wearing a hard felt hat and false beard occupies an empty tub. His comrades stand around with light missiles, and a cigar is the prize for anyone who can hit his head. A penny per "shy" is demanded. The occupant of the tub has naturally to be extremely quick in ducking, and knows when to show his head in safety by peering through small eye-holes bored through the front of the tub. Nor was St. Patrick's Day forgotten, and in the Irish camp at Ladysmith the celebrations in honour of the patron saint would have yielded to none in any corner of the Empire for genuineness and enthusiasm.

Enough has now been written to prove how faithfully and intimately the artist at the front and his collaborator at home have watched the moving fortunes of the war. Both have risen to the standard of their inspiring duty, and the first man to acknowledge the patience and tenacity of the correspondent has always been the uncomplaining and untiring British soldier. The record which the artist has made, serves a double purpose. It has illustrated his own high qualities of efficiency, and it will permanently reflect the achievements of the men to whom their countrymen owe so much. As might be expected it has not been possible to exemplify in this Annual the work of every distinguished black-and-white artist who has won credit during the campaign, but it may fairly be claimed that the collection of sketches and drawings is typical of the best accomplishment, done, not for one only, but all the illustrated papers. In declining to make cheap capital out of seething realism the artist has followed the example of the soldier. So long as war exists, the acme of human suffering must be endured, and fortunately it can still remain our proud boast that no man is readier to meet it in heroic silence, and in unflinching fortitude than the Briton. Such has been the theme of the work of artists in South Africa, and such it can confidently be stated will always be the inspiring motive of artists depicting the soldiers of the Empire in the stern but glad performance of their duty to their Sovereign and their Fatherland.

A. C. R. CARTER.

Photo. Bail. *Mr. Melton Prior.*

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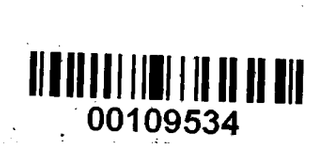

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